

Puck

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NEW YORK'S ST. PATRICK.



ISAACSTEIN'S PRESCIENCE.



CHEER his weary moments
Within his office swings
A cage that fondly houses
A bird with scarlet wings.

He smiles, and with a prescience
That gilds all care and woe,
Upon the pretty minstrel —
A fire bird, don't you know.

R. K. M.

EFFECTS OF READING IBSEN.

MRS. CULCHARD. — That's a bright young fellow you've taken into the office, Henry. He looks like a foreigner.

MR. CULCHARD. — Yes; he's a Norwegian.

MRS. CULCHARD. — A Norwegian! Good gracious! Then he's run off from his wife or murdered his uncle or something! Get rid of him at once!

"HOW LITTLE we know what is in store for us!" murmured the cabbage, as it hurtled through the air. "A month ago I never dreamed of going on the stage."

THE SAYING that "silence is golden" probably originated with some blackmailer.



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AN UNUSUAL OCCURRENCE.

GUZZLETON (at the Club). — Come, let's go home.

LE ROUND. — Heavens! Why, it's only eleven o'clock! I can't go home at this time of night.

GUZZLETON. — Can't?

LE ROUND. — No; I would n't know what excuse to make to my wife for coming home so early.



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TWISTING THE LION'S TAIL.

MR. BULL (MURPHY's landlord, an Englishman, come to collect the rent). — Why, Mr. Murphy, you're makin' as much fuss hover George Washington as ye do hover Saint Patrick!

MR. MURPHY. — An' phwoy should n't Oi? Both min did th' same glorious t'ing.

MR. BULL. — 'Ow do ye make that hout, Mister Murphy?

MR. MURPHY (between his teeth). — Phwy! Did n't both av thim droive th' snakes out av their respicive countries?

IN MAINE.

STRANGER. — It must cost a good deal of money to enforce the liquor laws?

NATIVE. — It does; — uses up nearly all the fines collected for intoxication.

A CHICAGO LOVE SONG.

Cecilia, all thy charms I chirp
In strains that show my fondest
homage;
Pray let no other man usurp
My place — my dear, you're
just the fromage!

AS THE devil observed: "Man wants but little here below."

HOW DELIGHTFULLY easy it is to make love to one's self!





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HE WAS ALL RIGHT.

AUNT CYNTHIA (as her husband and nephew go out the door).—That's jess one reason I hate to bring Josiah to town to visit any of his nephews. The very first night they allers take him out to see the sights of the city.

HER CITY NIECE.—Oh, don't worry, Aunt; he'll be all right.

AUNT CYNTHIA.—Yes; but he allers has to bring his nephews home in a carriage.



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A FATEFUL OMISSION.

PEDESTRIAN.—Hi, there! Call off your dog.

MAN BACK OF FENCE.—I can't do it!

PEDESTRIAN.—Can't? Ain't he your dog?

MAN BACK OF FENCE.—Yes; but I just bought him, and I forgot to ask his name.

AT THE A. O. H. MEETING.

THE CHAIRMAN spoke. "My friends," said he, "in kindness we be meeting—*cead mile Failte* unto' ye—a million welkims greeting. Phwat mather tho' Saint Patrick's Day should this year come on Sunday? We'll kape it in the good old way, the same as if 't wor Monday—" Just here the Chairman's cheerful talk was interrupted badly; Tim Dooley, with a face like chalk, burst in the meeting madly. Said he: "It is the sorrow day, if I have heard it rightly; the Sassenachs who now have sway have closed all caffay's tightly!" Each man grew pale as this he heard; they knew he was not fooling; 't was but too true in ev'ry word—no Irish now were ruling. The Chairman got him up again, the news had shook him badly; his face now wore a look of pain, his words came slow and sadly. "Oh! Erin's sons, sad and dishtressed, remember this sore Sunday, whin Pathrick's Day was thus suppresshed and put off until Monday. Shtrive! Shtrive! that ye this comin' Fall may win in all dther voting; your country's flag on City Hall will then be proudly floating. And thin no wan to ye can say, 'shebeens shall be closed Sunday;' and we'll make up this Pathrick's Day we put off till a Monday!"

R. L. M.



AN EXPLODED TRADITION.

COL. BAGSTOCK (of Kentucky).—I've just returned from Washington, sah!

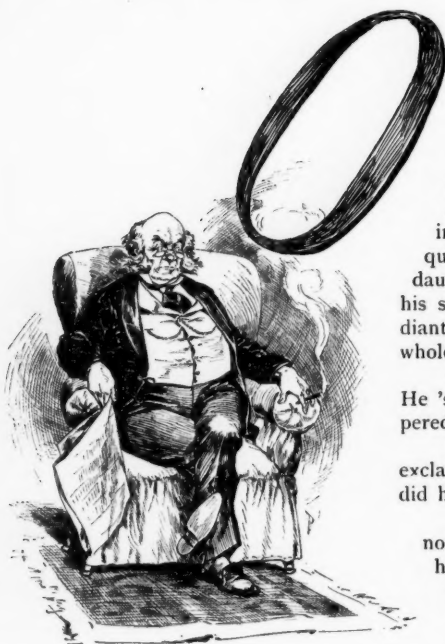
PILGARLIC.—And what do you think of the city of magnificent distances?

COL. BAGSTOCK.—Magnificent distances?—all nonsense, sah! I nevah had to go furthah than two blocks to find a saloon.

IT WOULD be better for many grown-up children if they could only be seen but not heard.

A DEAF MUTE student recently broke three knuckles while conjugating the Russian verb "to love," with his left hand.

A ROMANCE IN REAL LIFE.



LD GOLDDUST sat in his easy-chair before the fire. He had been chasing the elusive eighths and quarters all day at the Stock Exchange, and he was taking a well-earned rest. He was beginning to think of retiring, when the door opened quickly, and his beloved daughter, Irene, glided to his side. Her eyes were radiant, her face flushed, her whole manner was triumphant.

"He's proposed, Dad! He's proposed!" she whispered, exultantly.

"You don't mean it?" exclaimed Golddust. "When did he do it?"

"Just now; and there's not a moment to be lost! *Do* hurry! He's waiting for you in the parlor! Now, do be generous! Remember what it means!"

"Gracious! but I'm nervous!" began Golddust; but his daughter

had quickly urged him to the door, and in a moment he found himself facing the young Count Petrolwitz, who reclined with graceful indolence in a big-arm chair and gazed into his face with an expression of mixed indifference and amusement.

Golddust stood waiting in an embarrassed manner for a brief period; then, being motioned to a chair, he sat down nervously and said, hesitatingly: "My dear Count, I believe you have done me the extreme honor to propose for my daughter Irene's hand? I thank you, sir! With all my heart I thank you!"

The Count yawned and nodded his head for answer. Then he straightened up slightly and said: "These are my terms; and remember, sir, I will not haggle over them!"

Golddust managed to murmur, "Of course not!"

"In the first place," resumed the Count, "you will pay all my gambling debts, which" (referring to slip of paper in the hollow of his hand) "amount to ten thousand five hundred pounds? You will settle all my tailor bills, also—total amount six thousand eight hundred and fifty pounds?"

Golddust gave an unhesitating "Yes!"

"Next you present me with ten thousand pounds down, to enable me to carry out some changes in my castle on the Rhine?"

Golddust nodded.

"The amount of ten thousand pounds more I will accept as an annual remembrance of the honor I have done you?"

Again a nod from Golddust, this time accompanied with a bow.

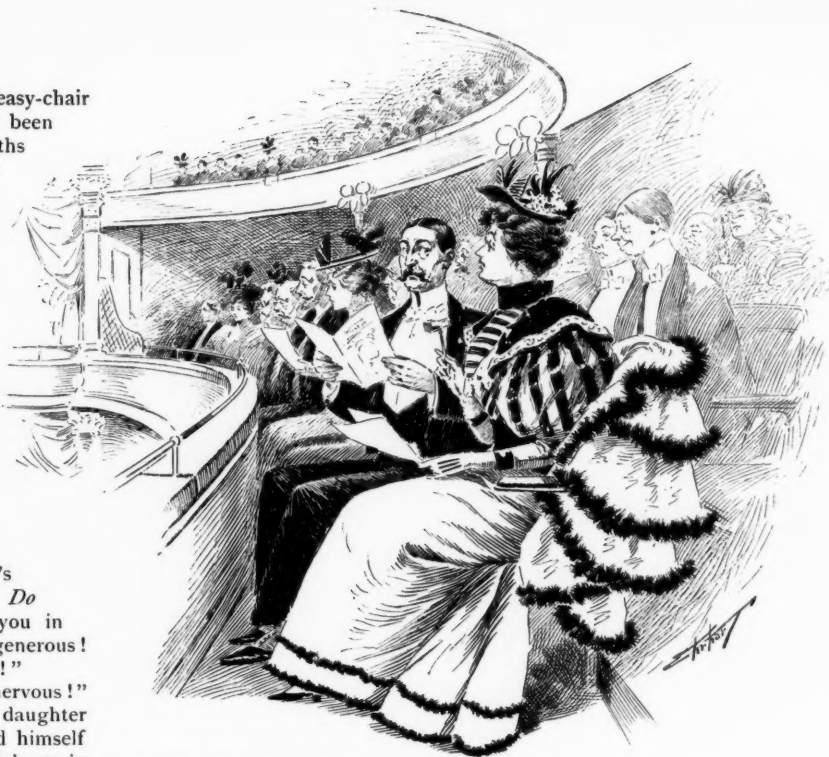
"Lastly, you will bestow upon your daughter a dowry sufficient to give her an income of ten thousand pounds, the principal to be mine in the event of her death?"

Golddust acquiesced without remonstrance.

"Then," said the Count, "I accept your daughter."

Golddust's joy knew no bounds, and he bowed again and again to the younger man. Then, a sudden idea striking him, he asked: "And she will be the Countess Petrolwitz?"

"Yes," returned the Count; "but I forgot one condition. I am to be allowed to procure a divorce at the end of two years without remonstrance in any form?"



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AT THE COMIC OPERA.

SHE.—Now, Henry, please don't go out between the acts.

HE.—No, dear; but, if you *will* excuse me, I'll go out during the topical song.

"Oh, of course!" agreed Golddust; "that was understood."

At that moment Irene herself burst into the room, and threw herself into the arms of the Count. The Count kissed his fiancée.

Golddust's eyes filled with tears. "And yet," he murmured, "some people say that there is no longer romance in real life! Could they but see this!"

FROM THE SEAT OF WAR.

Still the Chinese refused to surrender.

Despite the formidable array of the enemy, they clung tenaciously to the position they had taken.

In vain, under a flag of truce, the peace envoys suggested compromise; they rejected the overtures with scorn.

"No checkee, no shirtee!" they said. And that settled it.

AN ECHO OF THE PARADE.

SMYTHE.—What did that "A. O. H." on the banner those Irishmen carried signify, anyhow?

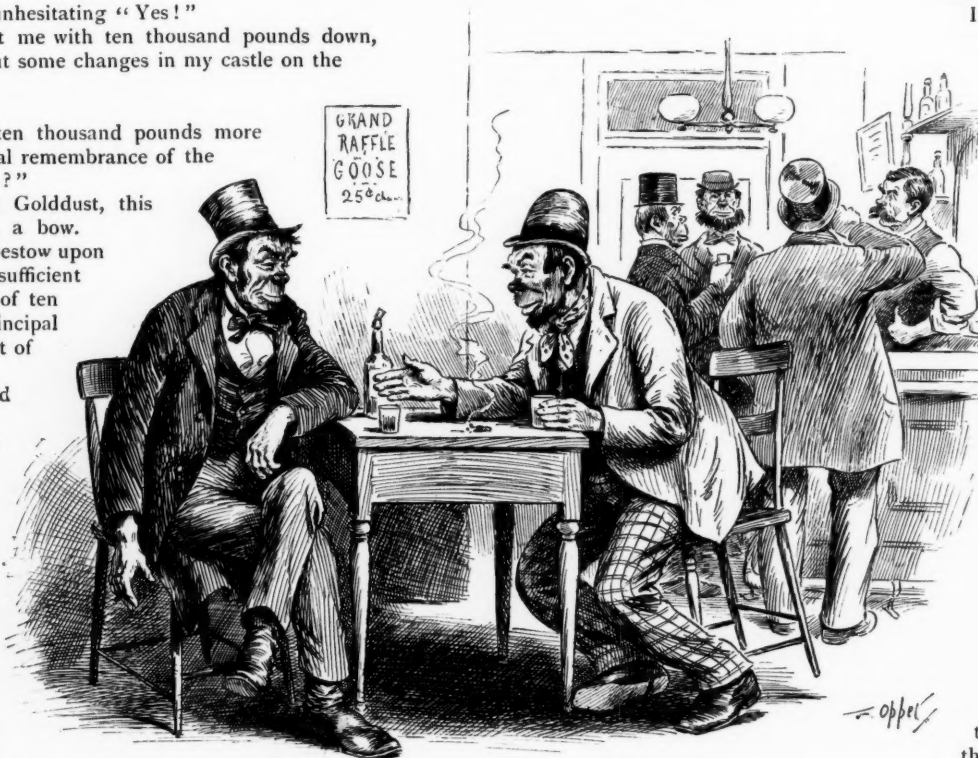
TOMPKINS.—Why, "All Over Here," of course; did n't you know?

"WE CAN'T keep men in our bureau of information for any length of time."

"Don't they like the work?"

"Oh, yes! but the courts find out about them, and come and get them for jury duty."

PEANUTS ARE like money, in that few people ever get enough, but lots of people get more than is good for them.



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TWO COUNTS IN THE INDICTMENT.

O'HOOLIHAN.—Be jabers, I hev me suspicion thot Mooney is a British shpy!

McGRATH.—Phwut (*hic*) meks ye t'ink thot?

O'HOOLIHAN.—He pawned his regalia to pay his landlord!

A BESETTING SIN, AS CONFESSED BY A YOUTHFUL PENITENT.



SHAN'T BE bad no more, I shan't! I'm goan to be *reel* good.
I heard a preacher-man, an' he said everbody could,
Ef they jus' kep a-tryin' and a-tryin', day b' day,
An' ef they *did n't* try, they 'd go — some place I mus'n't say.
Er mother says I mus'n't, 'nd so, o' course, I shan't.
Don't see why preachers say it, ef another feller can't.
But I'm goan to be *reel* good. I shan't pull pussy's tail,
Ner tie our poor old Nodie to a nasty old tin pail,
Like I did once when Tommy Johnson said I did n't dast;
I'd like to *fix* that feller, but my wickid days is past.
I shan't git mad when baby sucks the paint off all my blocks,
Ner spend the cent Pa gives me fer the missionary-box;
I'm goan to be a martire, and shan't be bad one speck;
Ain't even goan to cry no more when mother makes me wash my neck.

Most martire fellers was n't much. Why, any circus man 'll
Cuff them lions round an' do it jus' as slick as Dan'l.
Aunt Becky thinks it's *some* to live in sacks 'nd ashes.
I think it's fun. An' hair-cloth shirts! I bet they got the rashes,
'Nd wore them shirts to scratch 'em. Course that Jony feller
Inside that big, old whale, all dark like down in our cellar,
He had a heap o' spunk, he had; but I tol' Auntie Beck,
Anyhow, he did n't allus have to go an' wash his neck.

That 's goan to be the worstest thing, an' orful hard, I know,
But I'm dissolved to do it, ef I do hate it so.
It 's funny, hatey things is good; but I suppose it 's true,
An' things you like is mostly things you had n't ought to do.
An' water 's cold, er ef it 's het, it 's het so much it 's scaldy;
An', sides, it wets yer collar all around yer Garrybaldy,
An' runs all down yer back, an' then the soap gits in yer eyes,
'Cause the towel ain't where you want it — an' then sometimes I cries.
But I shan't cry no more, though p'r'aps I 'll want to, I expect', —
But when I'm *growed* — I ain't a-goan to *never* wash my neck!

J. Edmund V. Cooke.

PATRIOTISM, as some people understand it, is pride in our power to
harm the rest of the world.



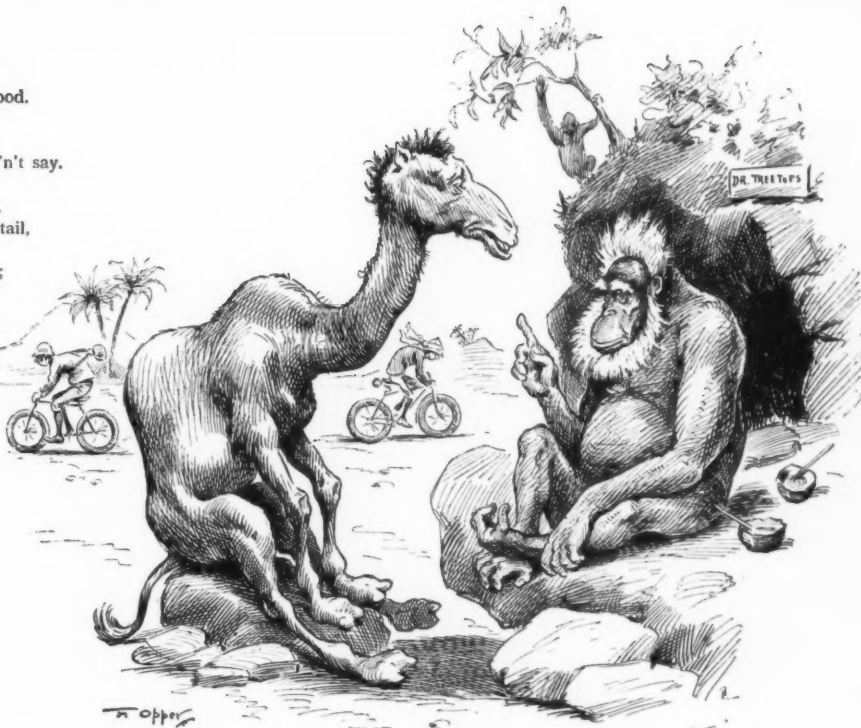
A PERFECT RIGHT.

INFURIATED IRISHMEN (to SCOTCHMAN, who has decorated his domicile on the
"17th").—Take down thim flags or we 'll clane out th' place.

SANDY MAC TAVISH.—Na, mon, ya will not. Ha! I na right to celebrate the anni-
versary av ma own countryman — Saint Patrick?

INFURIATED IRISHMEN (boiling).—B' th' Saints! Listen to th' liar! You be no
Irishman!

SANDY MAC TAVISH.—Na, mon; but Saint Patrick was a Scotchman!



A NATURAL DIAGNOSIS.

MR. DESERTSANDS.—I don't know how it is, doctor, but I feel
more humped up than ever, lately; and it seems to gef worse right along.

DR. TREETOPS.—I see where the trouble is; you've been bending
over too much on your wheel. You 'll have to sit up straight, or stop
riding entirely!

GOING TOO FAR.

MEANDERING MIKE (*indignantly*).—Wot der yer mean by goin' an'
bustin' up de harmony of dis little camp by hittin' Happy Hours on de
head wid a couplin'-pin fer?

WEARY RAGGLES (*hotly*).—Well, I stood all youse fellers kiddin' me
about me whiskers, but when he said I looked like Svengali, dat wos more
dan flesh an' blood cud bear!

A POUND OF PREVENTION.

PENOLOGIST.—Our prisons and penitentiaries are a
disgrace to civilization. The convicts are abused,
uncared for, and poorly fed. Can you sug-
gest a remedy?

PHILANTHROPIST.—Yes; let 'em
keep out of such places.

FREE AD.

Whene'er the burlesque
actress lets
Her photo' go with cigarettes
She asks not pay nor pelf,
Because she knows this wise
she gets
Some good puffs for herself.



HER PROUD IMPERIOUSNESS.

TWOMLEY.—Did you notice that the Duchess
of Dedbrooke, who was an American girl of humble
origin, has all the superciliousness of the caste she
married into?

FADDERTON.—She has, she has! She used
to be a servant in a suburban family.

A ST. PATRICK'S-DAY THOUGHT.

GREENE.—The Pope ought to canonize Columbus.

WHITE.—What did he do for the Church?

GREENE.—Discovered America.

"HE GIVES twice who gives quickly." Yes; because they come
around later on and hit him for another subscription.

THE PROUDEST moment of a man's life is when he is telling all
about it afterward.

OVERDID IT.



"**M**R. SILBERSTEIN," said the young man, gazing with a look of eagerness, not unmingled with uncertainty, upon the shrewd, careworn features of the parent of his adored one, "perhaps you anticipate the purport of my visit. I come to ask you for the hand of your daughter Rebecca."

"So?" replied the old man meditatively; "you vas a goot peesness man, Isaacs, bud my daughter vill be vealthy."

"Yes, I know; but I swear, Mr. Silberstein, that it is not her gold that I seek. I love her for herself alone. Wealth can not bring happiness. I care not for her money—"

"Vot!" exclaimed the merchant, as a dazed expression passed over his features. "I don't kvite understand—"

"I repeat," continued the youth, carried away by his emotion, "that I love your daughter for her own sweet sake alone; and were she a pauper, I would make her mine. I care nothing for the money which may some day—"

The old man had risen in his wrath, and sternly pointed to the door.

"Go oudt rightd away! Nod gare aboutd der money! Vy, you are gray! Nod another vord aboutd my daughter. You dinks I allow her to marry an idiot, heh? So hellup me grashus, dot vas lucky I haf found oudt your character bevore id vas too late!"

Phillips Thompson.

CAUSE AND EFFECT.

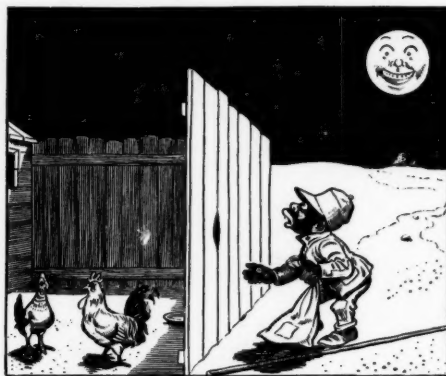
TEDDY.—Last night I kicked all the covers off my bed, Papa.

PAPA.—And were n't you very cold?

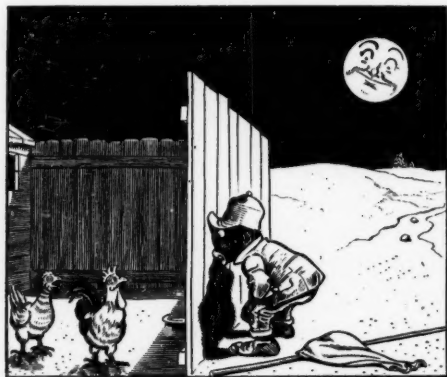
TEDDY.—I guess so; because I dreamt I was having a bully time sliding down hill.

"WHERE THERE'S A WILL —"

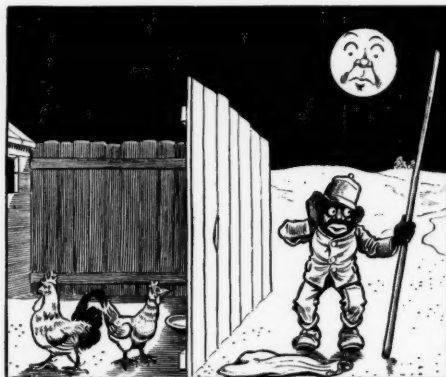
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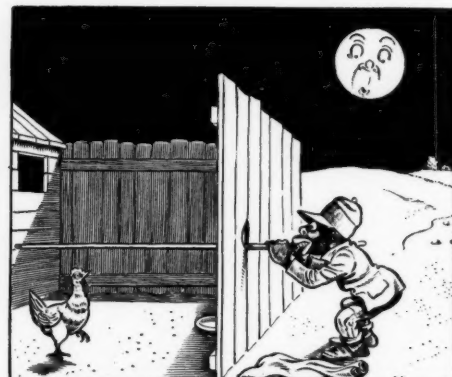
MR. WOOLBURTON.—Fo' de Lawd! If dat fah-mah ain't gone an' built er fence more 'n twelve feet high, an' me wid de rheumatics!



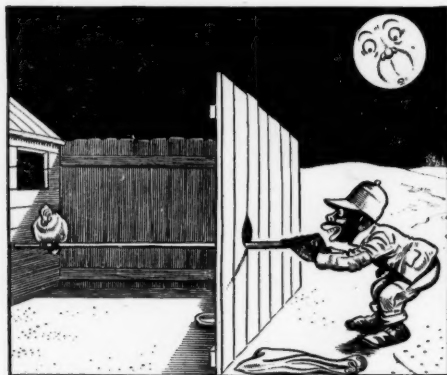
"It jess makes mah heart ache to see dem fowls runnin' round loose at dis hour."



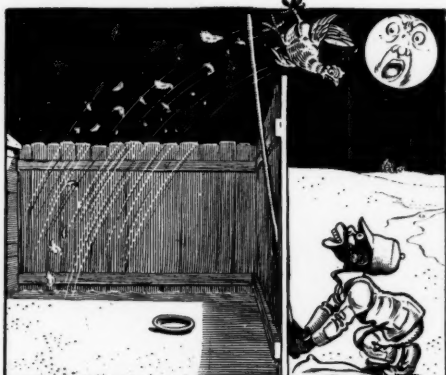
"Let's see. Dis 'ere pole looks like it might be ob some use in 'r case like dis."



"De powah ob invention was allers somet'in' wondahful in mah brains."



"Dar! I t'ought dat chick'n could n't resist a roostin' place; an' she 's de bigges' one in de coop!"



"How is dat fo' high?"



"De hand ob Providence wuz in dis; dat 's suah!"

NOT GOTTEN THAT WAY.

PRUYN.—Are you installed in your new home?

MRS. YOUNGLOVE (*haughtily*).—No, sir; our furniture was a gift from my parents.

NO WAY AROUND.

Though surely all the world to me,—

With grief it must be stated —

She will not — this imperi-

ous she —

Be circumnavigated.

R. L. H.

HIS RECOGNIZED VIRTUE.

BOOTLES (*the shoe-maker*).—Young Howlingswell is dead; he was a mighty wild young man, but he always paid his bills.

TAPES (*the tailor*).—Yes; I always gave him credit for that.



THERE IS a small fortune for the man who will start a blind asylum for people who are blind to their own interests.

FREDDY.—Let's play we're married.

ETHEL.—Oh, that's no fun at all! Let's play we want to be!

A JAIL-BIRD in handcuffs is worth two in the bush.

IT IS easy to realize that time is money, by the way some people squander it.

THE HAIRS of the dude's moustache are numbered.

"CHARITY BEGINS at home;" but it is not always "at home" when called upon.

THE WORLD may persecute a dog, And scoff and fling thereat; But the world is very apt to get The wurst of it at that.



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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

AN OBJECT LESSON.

NOTHING COULD be more apt as an illustration of our need of a decent system of tenure of office in the municipal civil service than the situation in New York to-day. Here we have what press and public have asked for these many years, a business man as mayor, elected on a reform ticket. So far, Mayor Strong has gratified the expectations of the people who elected him. If he has made mistakes, they have been errors of judgement not involving or implying deviations from the principles he professes. He has shown that he means to do what he has been put in office to do, and that he has both the courage and the ability to do it. Surely, under such circumstances, a public servant should have every opportunity to do his work without hindrance or interruption. There is no right, sense nor reason, in the condition of affairs that permits the Mayor to be pestered by a throng of selfish and importunate office-seekers. And yet, daily, and almost hourly, his time is taken and his temper and his patience are tried by men who have no more business in the City Hall than they have in the Capitol at Washington. Look at the spectacle of the chief official of a great city beset and bothered by applicants for every job within the pay of the city — by would-be street-cleaners and cart-drivers, and pavement-layers — and try, if you can, to draw a parallel to it in ordinary business life. What would become of the business of a great commercial house if the head of the firm were obliged to give his time to every longshoreman or truckman who wanted work at handling its merchandise? Yet it is to just this absurd and useless indignity that the Mayor of New York is exposed to-day, and must be exposed, until a radical change is made in the existing order of things. Such a change can be made, and we believe that Mayor Strong can make it. It is hard to upset old political traditions, but we are sure that if the Mayor puts his foot down and bars the office-seekers out of the City Hall for once and all, he will have the hearty support and backing of the people, and the labor unions and the factional bands of politicians may howl their noisiest and have their howling for their pains. Mayor Strong has shown that he knows how to use his own mind in choosing his heads of departments, and if he shows also that he means to make those heads responsible for the subordinates in their employ, while he devotes his own time to the higher duties of his office, he will add to his popularity as well as to his usefulness.

LABOR'S FALSE PROPHETS.

WHEN WILL labor unions learn that their affairs can not be wisely directed by crack-brained enthusiasts who lack every element of executive ability but the gift of gab? Whatever reverses organized labor has suffered in the last twenty years — in this country, at least — have resulted directly from following the advice of such leaders. Whatever strength it has gained up to this time has come chiefly from disregarding such advice, or in spite of it. Yet, the laboring man is slow to learn the lesson. He seems as ready as ever to give heed to the empty, meaningless phrases of this bad angel of his. Only let the leader have a ready pen, and a knack of using long words in denouncing capital; let him make appealing metaphors about the bloated plutocrat grinding under his iron heel the toiling serfs of humanity, or drinking labor's life-blood from the golden chalice of power, and a naturally sensible workingman becomes at once drunk with his talk. He is ready to go out and shoot and stone and burn, with the idea that he is striking hard blows at the employer who has oppressed him. He forgets that, in reality, he is striking at organized society, at the millions in the world who insist upon order; he forgets everything, in fact, except that he has figured in a quantity of gorgeous metaphors as a serf. Then, when the short struggle has terminated with the inevitable result, he goes quietly and meekly back to work. And the labor leader lets him stay at work for awhile, until he has saved up a little money against another strike. The average American labor leader works on the theory that his value to his organization is in proportion to the number of strikes he orders;

that no strike means he is not a capable leader. An honest confession from Eugene V. Debs, who is guilty of having ordered about the most senseless strike that ever afflicted this country, would show, beyond any doubt, that he was chiefly actuated by egotism. He wanted to show the railway managers that he was a man of importance, with power to destroy their property and to diminish their earnings; he wanted to show laboring men that he could make the railway managers respect him; and he wanted to show every body in general that he was apt in metaphor of the "blood-sucking corporation" and the "grinding heel of capital" variety. He wanted to make a splurge, in short, to be talked about; but he must have known from the first that his strike would fail, and that he was getting his notoriety at the expense of credulous labor. Connelly, the man who directed the Brooklyn strike, is another example of this deadly foe to labor. Under his guidance the strikers speedily lost all claims to consideration, and forfeited the public sympathy they might have had, by committing acts of violence. Yet Connelly achieved his end at the strikers' expense. He became widely known as a labor leader of the accepted kind, and would doubtless be listened to and obeyed to-day, should he decide to order another strike. A fair history of organized labor in America would show in every chapter the blind fatuity of the laboring man, and the greed and egotism of leaders like Powderly, Irons, Sovereign, Gompers, Debs and Connelly. These men have taught their dupes that a golden era is at hand, when labor shall rule and capital shall cringe for its crust; and by this false teaching, they have gained their end, — notoriety and good pay. It is a simple thing that the laboring man has to learn, as simple as the homely truth that he can not lift himself by his boot straps, but before he can learn it he must learn to turn a deaf ear to these false leaders. After that, he may learn the difference between striking and arson, between quitting his job and assault and battery, — between black and white, in fact. Then he will have learned when to strike and how to strike effectively — and then the present labor leaders will have to go to work for a living.

A CHARGE TO KEEP.

MRS. POORMAN.—It has been a hard Winter, Ma'am. My three grown girls have been very little help to me. The poor things are not strong enough to do washing, and they have n't clothes good enough to apply for any other work.

DISTRICT VISITOR.—But, you say they have rich relatives; don't they look after them?

MRS. POORMAN (*sadly*).—Only their morals, Ma'am,—only their morals!



GRINDING AN AX.

FIRST POPULIST.—The parson has a currency scheme that might be worth thinkin' over.

SECOND POPULIST.—What's his plan?

FIRST POPULIST.—He wants to make buttons legal tender for one cent apiece.



SAME OLD DAY-DREAM.



SAME OLD AWAKENING.

THE SAME OLD THING.

PUCK.



A ROSY HOPE.

It is to be hoped the new woman
Will prove that she is man's better
By returning home at night without
Forgetting to post his letter.

THE SENATOR'S SECRET.

"No," SAID the Senator; "I will not be a candidate for re-election. I am getting on in years, my wife died two years ago, and public life has lost its interest for me. I admit that my course is open to criticism. I *did* buy my seat in the Senate; it was the only way I could get it, and that seat was a necessity of life to me. I *did* vote against any change in the rules which would have restricted debate, but not, as my enemies have asserted, because I wished to obstruct legislation. Oh, no! There was a reason which the world shall never know. I reveal it to you, my old friend, in strict confidence.

"My wife was a good woman—an excellent woman—but—. You think I can talk. You should have heard her; not in society, where she was somewhat restrained by considerations of etiquette, or placed in competition with other females of equal conversational capacity, but in the sacred privacy of home, when she had me alone and at her mercy. I could not get in a word edgewise. My voice was never heard at my own fireside. I *had* to do something.

"A seat in the Senate! An opportunity to talk on any subject, at any length, without the slightest chance of being



NOT THE ANSWER SHE WANTED.

HOSTESS (who has made unusual preparations for a fine dinner).—I tell John, that if he *will* bring people home unexpectedly to dinner, they must take just what we have.

GUEST (wishing to put her at ease).—Oh, that's all right, Mrs. Bluffer! I'm an old traveler;—used to roughing it now and then, you know.

stopped by anybody—the temptation was irresistible. I would have committed not only bribery, but burglary and forgery for that opportunity.

"Poor woman! She did not mean to drive me to it, and the public shall never know. But I want you, at any rate, old friend, to do me justice."

W. M.

THEY HAD SUFFERED.

IT WAS during the great G. A. R. re-union. The town was full of grizzled old boys in blue, bands played, and the streets were gay with flags and bunting.

So it was when I saw a gleam of recognition flash between two battle-scarred veterans as they fell into each others' arms with a whoop. I stopped to listen to their reminiscences.

"Ah, Bill, old comrade, it is a long time since we were last side by side!" cried the taller of the two.

"You bet you!" exclaimed the other. "I've often thought of you, of our marches through the mud, the snow, the sleet, to and fro. Ah, old man, those were times of suffering and privation!"

The other uncovered his head; and, still holding his comrade by the hand, said solemnly:

"Yes; but, thank heaven, those days are over for us both!"

"Yes," assented the other; "I moved away shortly after you did."

Yes; they had been comrades and fought side by side; but the privations they had suffered as suburban residents in a Jersey town were greener and rankled more than the hardships of bivouac and battle.



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AN APPROPRIATE FEAST.

MRS. MCGURK (displaying basket of oranges).—Yes, I do be a-goin' to presint thim to me fri'nds in th' different societies as they pass by in th' percession.

STRANGER.—Mercy! Do you dare to give oranges to Irishmen on the seventeenth of March?

MR. MCGURK (between her teeth).—Vis; it 'll do their hearts good! They 'll ate thim!

AN INTIMATION.

MRS. KIDMORE.—I think young Binks means something. He gave Mabel a present of a hundred visiting cards and an engraved plate.

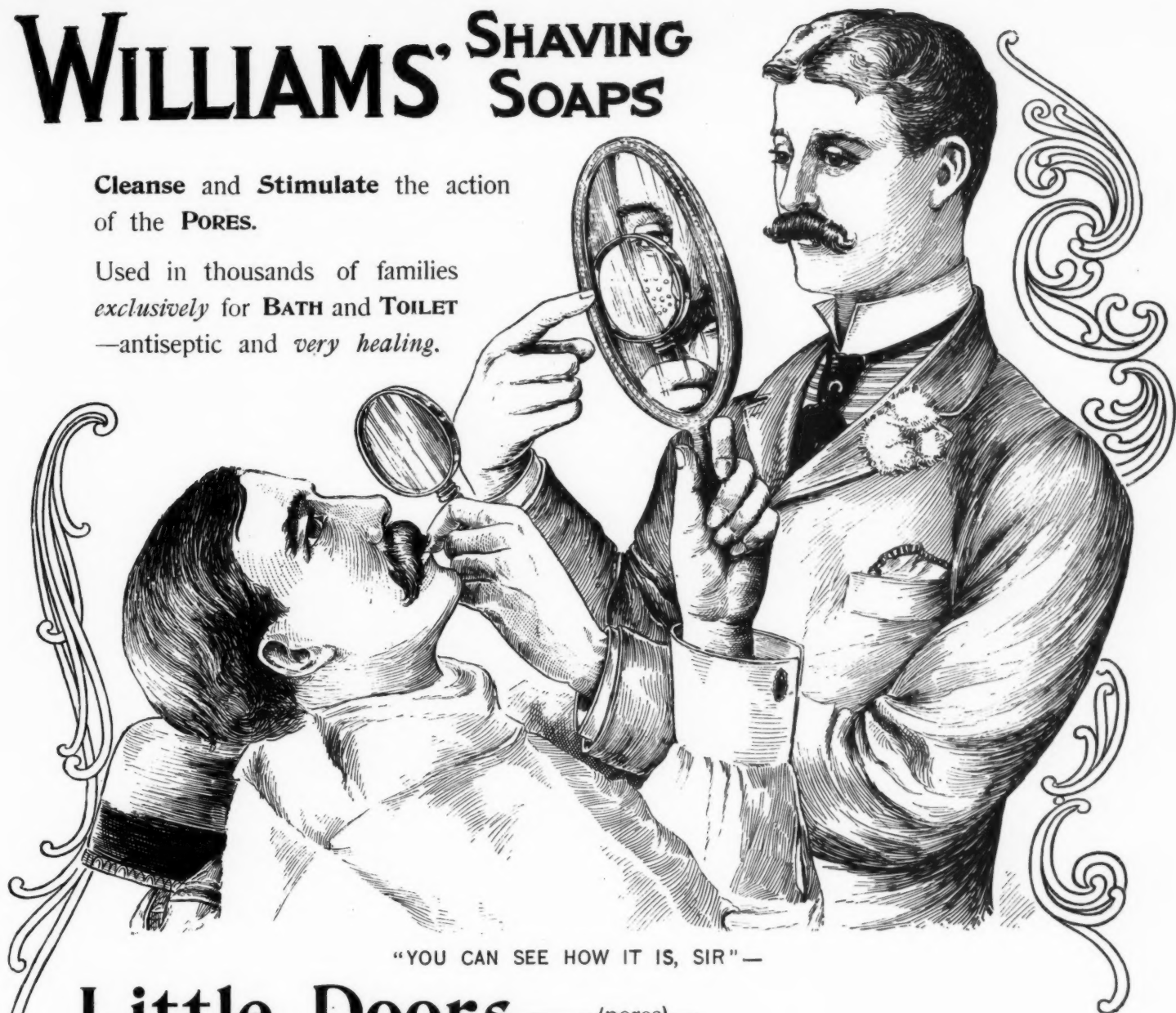
MR. KIDMORE (shortly).—Humph! That means he is n't going to ask her to change her name for a good while yet.

SOME PEOPLE insist on reading between the lines even when there is nothing there.

WILLIAMS' SHAVING SOAPS

Cleanse and Stimulate the action of the PORES.

Used in thousands of families exclusively for BATH and TOILET—antiseptic and very healing.



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Little Doors—(pores)—

myriads of them—unseen *but always open*—lead directly through the Skin—to the very life-blood of every human being.

Hence the *imperative necessity* that you guard these doors.

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Herein lies largely—the secret of Fresh—Clear Skins.

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"WILLIAMS'" Shaving Soaps?

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It is worth something to know—that in the thousands of Tons of these Soaps—which have been sent all over the world—NOT ONE OUNCE of impure fats or other objectionable—dangerous matter—was ever contained.

CAUTION.—Cold, windy weather is upon us. Chapped faces invite cutaneous diseases. Be very firm with your barber. See that he uses none of the cheap, vile, impure Substitutes for Williams' Soaps. Insist that he use **WILLIAMS'**—and *only WILLIAMS'*. It heals the face—and keeps it soft and smooth. You pay a fair price for a Shave—you are entitled to all of the *comfort and protection* that the use of standard toilet preparations insures.

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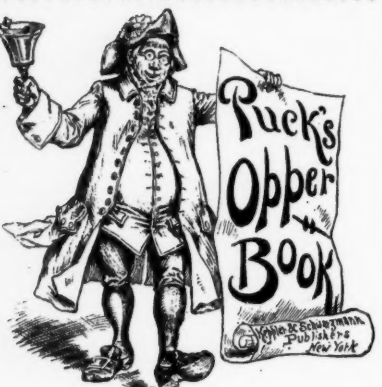
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NOTHING IN A NAME

"Do you belong to the Law and Order Society, Major?"

"Yes, sir! Got anybody you want lynched?"—*Atlanta Constitution.*

LETTER OF CREDIT FOR TRAVELERS

The use of Angostura Bitters excites the appetite and keeps the digestive organs in order. Dr. J. G. B. Siegert & Sons, sole manufacturers. At all druggists.

CUPID is n't any more like the pictures we see of him than courtship is like marriage.—*Detroit Free Press.*

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MAN'S inhumanity to man makes countless lawyers mourn for more of it.—*Smith, Gray & Co.'s Illustrated Monthly.*

FREE TO BALD HEADS.
We will mail on application, free information how to grow hair upon a bald head, stop falling hair and remove scalp diseases. Address, ALTEHHEIM MEDICAL DISPENSARY, 17½ West 3rd Street, Cincinnati, O.

You can't scare a boy away from the table by the thirteen superstition.—*Atchison Globe.*

SOME preachers are afraid to open the Bible very wide for fear they will have to die in the poor-house.—*Ram's Horn.*

"THE SOUP" into which so many of us get at times is often cooked by the heat of passion.—*West Union Gazette.*

It is curious how a woman who screams at a mouse is not startled at a millinery bill that makes a man tremble.—*Texas Siftings.*

"ZIGZAG TALES," by H. L. Wilson, is a collection of humorous short stories of American life "from the East to the West," as the sub-title has it. They are reprinted from PUCK and form one of the series of short tales that have long been a special weekly feature of that bright periodical. They are thoroughly American in style, crisp, ingenious and readable.

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ONE DIFFICULTY.

"Josiah," said Mrs. Cornstossel, "I thort Congress was gointer turn over a new leaf fur 1895."

"There was some talk about it; but I guess the sugar trust hez gone an' gummed up the pages too much."—*Washington Star.*

HEARTLESS.

"But, Papa," pleaded the impassioned maiden; "he is the only man I love!"

"That's right!" replied the brutal old man; "I am glad that a daughter of mine does not love more than one man at a time."—*Cincinnati Tribune.*

BOTH SIDES OF IT.

OLDBACH.—Man is never too old to love. MISS BUD.—Probably not, but he gets too old to be loved.—*Detroit Free Press.*



AN AWFUL FATE.

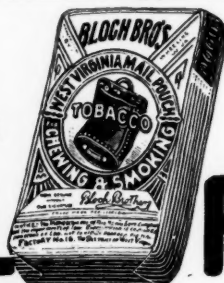
LITTLE DUPLEX (caught in the act).—Doan' whop me Mommy, doan' whop me! All I teched wuz a weenty bit ob dis ras'berry jam!

MRS. COONBY (sorrowfully).—An' dat 's de jam, chile, wot 's de cause ob all dis pen-de seed-us wot 's goin' roun'. Chile! Chile! T'ink ob habing ras'berry bushes growin' in yo' insides!

CHEW

AND

SMOKE



PURE

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SATISFYING

MAIL POUCH

ANTI-NEUROUS DYSPEPTIC

HIGHEST AWARD
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A MAN can earn a fortune on paper in twenty minutes.—*Atchison Globe.*

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—Ram's Horn.

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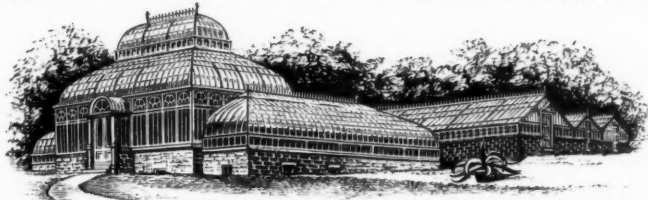
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Mrs. Matilda Pate.

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MOTHER-IN-LAW (severely).—I 'll have you to understand that my daughter was raised with some regard to religion and morality! It is better you two should separate now, if the pleasures of the gaming table appeal more to you than your home.

JACK POTTS.—Well, Mother, the ninety I won last night puts me some three hundred ahead of the game.

MOTHER-IN-LAW (playfully).—You naughty, naughty boy!



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Yours for a clear head—Bromo-Seltzer.



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